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TOURISTS' GUIDE
OF
NOVA SCOTIA,
NEW BRUNSWICK,
AND
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

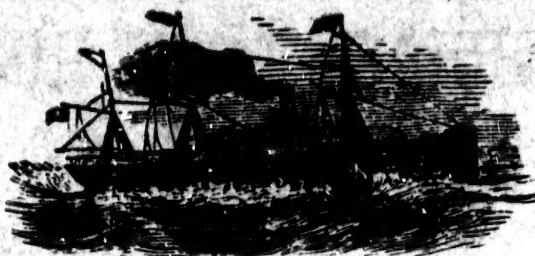


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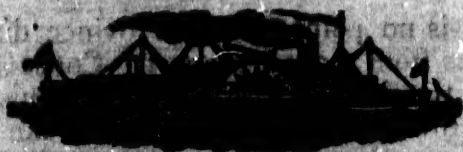
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HALIFAX.

On assuming the character of Guide to the City of Halifax, it may be stated at the outset that the writer has no intention of giving a history of that city, although historical incidents may be referred to in the course of the following pages. We must begin with one:—Halifax was founded in 1749. This was at a time when the Earl of Halifax was President of the Board of Trade and Plantations: hence the name adopted for the place. The expedition sent out from England to do this work was placed under the direction of Hon. Edward Cornwallis—not *Lord* Cornwallis, as is so often stated—Governor of Nova Scotia. He was instructed to found a town upon some part of the shores of Chebucto Bay, to be thereafter the seat of Government of Nova Scotia. According to the most authentic accounts, Governor Cornwallis and suite landed upon what thus became Nova Scotia's Capital, on the 21st June, 1749; and the anniversary of that day has, for years past, been celebrated as the Natal Day of Halifax.

Halifax is the principal British Military Station in America, and, ever since its settlement, it may be considered as also virtually the principal British Naval Station in the "New World," although Bermuda has nominally been the naval headquarters for many years. It may not be amiss to keep in mind the natal day and year of Halifax; because comparisons are often made between that city and Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to the discredit of the former. Boston, the least of these, was as old a town as Halifax is now (1876) when yet the site of Halifax was covered by the forest. Further, the topography of Novascotia, of which Halifax is the capital, is such



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By order,

F. W. HALES,

Secretary.

J. C. MACINTOSH,

Agent at Halifax.

that there is no point in the Province distant over thirty miles from a good seaport. Consequently the shores of the Province are rather profusely dotted with little towns, nearly all of which make their own importations and exportations direct, and not through Halifax. Again the position of Halifax has always been a virtually isolated one. It is not connected, by one of Nature's highways, with any great and productive back country. (Its connection by rail with the great railway system of the United States, Quebec, and Ontario, is complete.) Owing to these various causes, the growth of Halifax has not been so rapid as that of some other cities and towns on this continent, although it has been a steady and healthy one. Its population may now be fairly estimated at 36,000.

The natural situation of Halifax is exceedingly fine. The *city*, properly speaking, comprises the whole of a peninsula formed by the harbor, on the East, and by a river-like inlet from the harbor, called the North West Arm, on the South West. The Harbor, after narrowing very much as we proceed Northward, suddenly expands into Bedford Basin, which bounds the peninsula on the North. This peninsula extends four and a half miles in extreme length—that is, from Point Pleasant to the Basin. The width across the middle, and which is pretty nearly its average width, is two miles. The width of the isthmus, from the head of the North West Arm to the nearest point on Bedford Basin, is about one mile and a half. The whole area of the city may be roughly estimated at eight square miles. The arm of the sea, from which branch off the inlets and expansions already mentioned, is called Chebucto Bay.

Nature seems to have done everything that could be wished to make this peninsula of Halifax the site of a magnificent city. The whole of the area already described is available for building purposes, comfortable streets, parks, pleasure grounds, &c., on a regular



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plan, at a less cost than usually has to be incurred in the laying out and building of a town. For a distance of ten miles, following the sinuosities of the shore, its borders, with the exception of about a quarter of a mile at Point Pleasant, where a shoal and a ledge make out seaward, are washed by what navigators call "good water." The whole of that distance, with the exception named, is available for wharves, piers, and quays, with sufficient depth of water to admit vessels close in shore, and with good "holding ground" in front.

The more compactly built portion of the city—the town proper—lies along the Eastern side of this peninsula, and consequently on the Western shore of the harbor. It is built, for the most part, on the slope of a hill, the summit of which is surmounted by Fort George, or the Citadel. The best view of the town is when seen from the opposite, or Dartmouth, shore; but the prospect from Citadel Hill is one which no visitor should fail to see. We will suppose him there upon the ramparts, or outside the works, at an angle of one of the bastions. Clustering almost beneath his feet, and spreading out more visibly on his either hand, North and South, is the town. Beyond it lies what is often, and probably with truth, called "the finest harbor in the world." Set in it, like a gem, is the green, mound-like George's Island, crowned by Fort Charlotte. These waters—blue as ever the Mediterranean was—stretch away to the right, or Southwest, laving for miles the shores of McNab's Island, with its forest-clad hills and breezy downs; gleaming through the dark pine tops of the luxuriant Tower Woods; mirroring the pretty village of Falkland, which seems to clamber up the steep hill side from the lofty summit of which frowns York Redoubt; now playfully rippling and now rolling in, in curling and foaming waves, over Point Pleasant ledges and the more distant Thrum Cap shoal; until off Sambro, about nine miles distant, it becomes one with the

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broad Atlantic. On the other hand, to the Northward, this sheet of water contracts in width, forming what are called *The Narrows*, the shores of which are beautifully variegated with groves, green fields, and pretty clusters of houses. Pursuing the view still farther in that direction, we may catch a glimpse of Bedford Basin over the shoulders of the hills which form the Northern part of the peninsula. Turn to the rear or Westward, and Halifax Common spreads out from the base of Citadel Hill, an expanse which is, every year, being more extensively planted and otherwise improved, and will soon be a charming public park. This—more properly the *North Common*—comprises, together with the Public Gardens, an extent of about ninety acres. Of this area the Public Gardens comprise over fourteen acres. They are kept in first rate order, contain ponds and fountains, and a croquet lawn, and are a delightful public promenade, and a great boon to the citizens of Halifax. Beyond this Common there extends, West, North, and South, a great and nearly level plateau, which will, doubtless, at no distant day, be the heart of the town, as well as of the city, of Halifax. The view in that direction is bounded by precipitous, wooded hills, beyond the deep gulch, at the bottom of which the waters of the North West Arm cannot be seen from this point of view. Turning our eyes once more in the direction of the harbor, we see, on its farther shore, the pretty and thriving town of Dartmouth, built down to the water's edge, and backed by bold, wood-crowned hills, the slopes of which are dotted with tasteful villas, and through one of the depressions of which we may catch a glimpse of the picturesque Dartmouth lakes. Indeed, in whatever direction the eye is turned from the point we have selected, it is met with a prospect of rare beauty.

THE TOWN.

Halifax is very regularly laid out, the streets being, for the most part, parallel and crossing each other at right angles. Consequently the building blocks are nearly all rectangular parallelograms. Until a comparatively recent period, it was almost exclusively a wooden town. Even yet it is more wooden than stone and brick. Owing, however, to the occurrence of several disastrous fires, an ordinance was passed, a few years since, forbidding the further erection of wooden buildings, or additions to buildings, within certain limits comprising the principal business portion of the town. This has already produced a marked improvement in the appearance of the town. The blocks which now line the Northern half of Granville Street and a large section of Hollis Street, will, in architectural effect, compare favorably with those of any city in America; and great improvements have been made throughout the town generally. The streets are macadamized only, not paved—that is, as to the carriage way. The sidewalks, in the business portion of the town, are paved with brick and connected at the block corners by granite crossings, an arrangement which is being rapidly extended to the whole town.

As might be reasonably expected, the wholesale business of the place is carried on almost entirely on Water Street and the adjacent wharves, where nearly all the large Warehouses and Wholesale Merchants offices are situated. The Northern half of Hollis and Granville Streets, nearly the whole of Barrington and of Argyle Streets, and a portion of Brunswick Street, are almost exclusively appropriated to the retail trade in its various departments; but, of course, there is the usual proportion of shops scattered throughout the town generally. The Province Building square may be considered as pretty nearly the business centre of the City. The streets which have been

considered most attractive as the sites of private residences, are Brunswick, the Southern part of Hollis, Pleasant Queen, Morris, Park, and Spring Garden Road; but owing to the rapid extension of building in the direction of the suburbs, of late years, South and Inglis Streets, Victoria Road, Tower Road, and some streets West of the Common, bid fair to become, at no distant day, among the most attractive in Halifax.

PROMENADES.

As favorite resorts for promenaders, the first place must be given to the *Public Gardens* and the adjoining *North Common*, which have already been briefly described. For many years past it has been customary for a military band to play in these Gardens two or three afternoons each week, during the Summer and Autumn, at which time they are usually visited by crowds of the *elite* of the city. They are also the favorite place for holding evening, open air concerts, which have been very popular in Halifax of late years.

Camp Hill Cemetery—separated from the Gardens and North Common only by the width of a street, being profusely planted with ornamental trees, shrubbery, and flowering plants, is also, notwithstanding its lugubrious associations, a favorite public resort; as is also the Cemetery of the *Holy Cross*, which occupies a somewhat similar position relative to the South Common. This South Common is separated from the Gardens already referred to only by Spring Garden Road and the range of private residences by which it is bordered. The greater part of it has been enclosed as grounds for the Poors' Asylum, City Hospital, and Asylum for the Blind. It has recently been planted around its borders with shade trees, and can also boast of a very pretty piece of ornamental water; but it is not regarded as a public promenade.

The *Tower Woods*, in the immediate vicinity of

Point Pleasant, the extreme Southern point of the city, is another favorite resort of the Haligonians, old and young—for those who go abroad in their carriages, or on horseback, as well as for the pedestrian. This ground, comprising about one hundred and sixty acres, is Crown Land, retained as such, under the control of the War Department, for defensive purposes; and it embraces no less than five of these defensive works—four forts and batteries and a martello tower, from which last the woods have been named. About 1874, however, the Imperial Government conceded the occupation of these grounds to the citizens of Halifax as a Public Park, for which they were admirably adapted, being, for the most part, covered by the primeval forest. Since that concession great improvements have been made in them, but without materially deteriorating from the beauties of their natural wildness. They now comprise a real labyrinth of well constructed carriage drives, bridle roads and footpaths. The rambler in these Tower Woods may see, at almost every step, some new charm in their native wildness,—groves of stately pines, dense copses, sunny glades, shady dells, picturesque ponds, natural rock work, and beds of ferns and wild flowers, make up a beautiful diversity. This will be further varied by what is an unusual concomitant of park scenery—by his frequently, out of what seemed the depths of the forest, catching glimpses of the Harbor, or North West Arm, with a white sail, or a panting steamer, passing in the distance; or by his suddenly and, if a stranger, most unexpectedly stepping out of the dusk woods upon some rock eminence, where he has a broad view of the ocean itself; or stranger still if he did not know the history of the ground, by finding himself confronted, at the end of some vista of greenery, by the frowning Prince of Wales Tower, or some massive and heavily armed battery. The people of Halifax are very proud, and with good cause, of this park;

and they have good reason to congratulate themselves upon its easily acquired possession.

A few words may here be said of the Drives in the environs of Halifax. One can scarcely drive out, upon any road in the vicinity, without meeting with much to charm the eye. For instance, that from Halifax, up the West side of the Basin, to Bedford, ten miles distant; around the head and along the Western side of the North West Arm; from Dartmouth to Bedford by the East side of the Basin; Dartmouth to Waverley, or Montague Gold Mines; from the same place to the South East Passage;—any of these repay the tourist.

The Fortifications, Barracks, and other military edifices and works in Halifax and its outposts, are so numerous and extensive that any attempt at a description of them would require a chapter to itself, and one of greater length than we can afford in this small work.

NOVA SCOTIAN RURAL SCENERY.

It may be remarked generally under this head, that, as to fine coast scenery, portions of the coast of Novascotia surpass in the picturesque, and even in the grand, any others along the Atlantic coast of North America, from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico. On the other hand, the scenery of the country in the interior is much more tame. Still it is much diversified with hill and valley, lake and stream, and nearly always a luxuriant vegetation; but it is quite wanting in mountains, properly so-called, although there are numerous ridges and eminences that are locally so designated. The highest land in the peninsula of Nova Scotia proper does not exceed twelve hundred feet above the sea level; whilst the highest in the Island of Cape Breton scarcely attains three thousand feet.

To give as good an aspect of the country as can be given in a very limited space, we will suppose our

selves to accompany the tourist in his peregrinations through it. Starting from Halifax as a central point, we will first take the Atlantic shore West of that city. A steamer plies regularly between Halifax and the principal Western ports; but we will take the daily stage coach. Our first notable land-fall is at St. Margaret's Bay. The drive along the winding road, from East river to Hubbard's Cove, is a truly enjoyable one. Many of the coves which indent its rugged shore afford a prospect that would delight the heart of the enthusiastic sea bather. Here, when there is wind with "Southing" in it, we may see the crested wave in the distance come rolling in, as if it had come rolling direct from Bermuda, and break and ripple over an easily shelving beach of sands as white as the snow itself.

It may be observed that there are scores of places on the various shores of Nova Scotia which offer much greater *natural* attractions as watering places than any of those fashionable spots on neighboring coasts, to which people of the interior of this continent are in the habit of resorting during the parching heats of their Summer. The bather can take a tepid bath and a day's swim in the upper waters of the Bay of Fundy—Minas Basin, or Chignecto Bay—or he can take his invigorator as cold as he likes on the Atlantic coast. But the natives residing at these numerous favored spots never seem to have thought of, or cared for, "turning an honest penny" by providing the *artificial* attractions which would not fail to make those places the Summer resort of thousands.

A few miles after losing sight of St. Margaret's Bay, we come into view of Mahone Bay, and soon arrive at the pretty village of Chester at its head. This Bay, profusely strided as it is with islands—some of them still clothed with the luxuriant foliage of their original forest, others smiling under a high state of cultivation—has been long and deservedly famed for its attractions of scenery. The drive, fol-

lowing the sinuosities of its shores, from Chester to the *village* of Mahone Bay, or Kinburn, thence to the town of Lunenburg, thence to Bridgewater, at the head of navigation on the LaHave is throughout charming. In Lunenburg and most of the rural settlements of this county, we begin to learn something of the diversities of population in Nova Scotia. Here the people of German descent largely predominate; and they have retained their language, habits, and modes of thought and of transacting business. As one consequence, the county town itself—Lunenburg—whilst finely situated and a thriving place, is one of the quaintest old towns in the Province. In passing from Pictou, Antigonish, or Inverness, to Lunenburg, we virtually pass from the Highlands of Scotland into Germany; as in Chezzetcook of East Halifax, the more Southern section of Yarmouth, and Clare township in Digby we shall find most of the inhabitants more old-fashioned French than the natives of old France.

Bridgewater is a thriving and bustling little town, built up mainly by its lumber trade; and the LaHave is one of the largest and finest rivers in the Province. From Bridgewater to the confines of Yarmouth County, the post road passes through a not very interesting country, except where it passes through the vallies of the numerous rivers which intersect this section of the Province. There we shall find extensive lumbering, or ship-building establishments, or both, surrounded with all the evidences of cultivation and prosperity. The principle places on our route are Mill Village, on the Port Medway; Liverpool and Milton, on the Mersey; Lockeport, from which the fisheries are extensively prosecuted, and to reach which we must make a detour from the more direct route; Jordan River; Shelburne, upon her own noble harbor; the Clyde; and Barrington.

After leaving Barrington, we meet with little of interest until we reach Pubnico. This is a large set-

tlement, comprising an almost continuous village, quite around its harbor, and throughout its whole length. The inhabitants are almost exclusively of French origin and form a very orderly, industrious, and well-to-do community. From Pubnico to the pretty village of Tusket, at the head of navigation, on the river of the same name, winding around at the deep inlets of Abuptic, Argyle Sound, and the lower course of the Tusket river, we have before our eyes one continuous, ever shifting, and beautiful panorama. The waters thus skirted are begemmed with about three hundred islands, called "The Tusket's." These are of the most varied shape, elevation, and dimensions; many of them being in a high state of cultivation; others still covered, in whole, or in part, by luxuriant forest trees. Many persons—and the writer must admit himself among the number—consider that this portion of Novascotian coast scenery, whilst of the same general character as that of the more celebrated Mahone Bay, quite surpasses the latter in the richness and variety of its attractions. The Tusket river itself is one of the largest in Novascotia, and in its course from the interior, expands into a number of large and beautiful lakes. A twelve miles' pleasant drive brings us from Tusket village to the town of Yarmouth. This exceedingly enterprising town—which is now probably the second in Novascotia in population, as it is unquestionably the first in the tonnage of shipping owned by it, and that in a Province whose property so largely consists in shipping—is surpassed by no other in the general tidiness of its aspect, the taste displayed in its buildings, and the general air of prosperity which reigns in and about it; for the surrounding country, for miles in every direction, has that same air of thrift.

"The Western Counties Railway," that connects Yarmouth with Annapolis, the terminus of the "Windsor and Annapolis Railway." The line for

the most part, runs through the back country, in the rear of the post road ; it connects with the ports of Weymouth and Digby.

Weymouth, the next place of note on our route, is a picturesque village at and near the mouth of the Sissiboo river, and carries on a brisk business in lumbering and shipbuilding. As in many other instances, not only in Nova Scotia, but throughout North America, a strangely perverse arbitrariness has been shown in the naming of this place. It is called Weymouth ; because it is not at the mouth of the *Wey*, but of the *Sissiboo*. Digby is a very neat little town, beautifully situated, and with very attractive surroundings. It is built on the side of a rather steep hill, fronting upon, and at the extreme Western termination of, that universally admired sheet of water, the Annapolis Basin. On the right and left respectively and on either side of the Basin, stretch the South and North Mountains as they are called, the latter being close by, traversed by the deep, narrow, and wild-looking gorge known as St. George's Channel—vulgarly called "Digby Gut"—which affords the sole outlet from the Basin to the Bay of Fundy. Away over the waters in front may be seen Goat Island, which divides the Basin into two pretty nearly equal portions ; and the lower one of these is often called "Digby Basin." This town is a favorite summer resort of the people of St. John, New Brunswick ; and few more favorable summer residences could be found by any one in pursuit of health, or pleasure.

From Digby we can proceed up to Annapolis by the steamer from St. John, which touches here three times a week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—on her way up to Annapolis, as also upon the three alternate days ; or we may still follow the post road by the South side of the Basin. The latter route will enable us to see the romantically situated village of Hillsburgh, clustered under lofty hills at the head

of navigation, of the River Herbert, and Clementsport filling a somewhat similar dell near the mouth of Moose River. At Annapolis we reach the terminus of the W. & A. R. This charming old town is even more interesting, for its historical associations, than for the beauty of its situations and environs. It is, in fact, the oldest town in America North of St. Augustine, in Florida, the founding of which latter place preceded it a few years. The old fortifications of the place, both Citadel and outworks, which were so often lost and won by their rival claimants, can still be easily traced; and they indicate the sites of many a bloody encounter, in the days of old, between the French and Indians on the one side, and the English on the other. Here may be said to commence the celebrated Annapolis Valley, its termination, being much wider than here, being at the shore of the Basin of Minas, in Kings County. Although the valley itself is almost a perfect level, the enclosing walls of the North and South Mountains, and especially the former, which rise abruptly from the plain and usually to a height of from four to five hundred feet, take away all appearance of tameness from the face of the country. This charming valley is, throughout its whole extent, cultivated like a garden. Indeed no small proportion of its total area is actually taken up in gardens and orchards; and the fruits of this valley—apples, pears, plums, and of late, peaches—of which, especially the first, immense quantities are grown, have obtained a world-wide celebrity for their excellent quality.

The places of most note which we pass through on leaving Annapolis by rail for the Eastward, are Bridgetown, where the railway passes from the Southern to the Northern side of the Annapolis river; Lawrencetown; Middleton; Aylesford; Berwick; Kentville, a beautifully embowered little town of Kings County; Wolfville, where is situate Acadia College; and Grand Pré, which is the extreme East-

ern point of what is called the "Annapolis Valley," although more than half of its area is actually in Kings County. All these towns and villages give evidence of a high degree of cultivation, not only of the soil, but of the tastes of those who dwell in them. Still this trip by rail can give but a faint idea of the productiveness of this valley. The view from any of the eminences in the rear of Wolfville, or Grand Pré, Northward, is very fine, taking in as it does the whole width of this end of the valley just referred to, the full sweep of the Basin of Minas with the bold headland of Cape Blomidon, the eastern termination of the North Mountains, and the range of the loftier Cobequid Hills in the remote distance. All the country hereabouts was called Minas under the old French domination; and it is here Longfellow has laid the principal scenes of his charming poem of *Evangeline*.

Resuming our route, we cross the outlet of the lovely valley of the Gasperau: roll on to Hantsport, a town on the Avon which has grown rapidly into importance by virtue of its shipping interest; and are soon in Windsor, the county town of Hants. This, one of the oldest towns in the Province, is finely situated near the confluence of the Avon and St. Croix rivers, in the midst of an agricultural country of exceeding fertility, and carries on a large trade in gypsum, which indeed is exported in immense quantities from all the Northern parts of this county, as also from South Western Colchester. Hants is one of the principal ship-building and ship-owning counties in the Province. Windsor is the site of King's College, the oldest institution of its class in the Maritime Provinces. From Windsor to Halifax, the only places we need specially note are Ellershouse, on the St. Croix, where a pretty and thriving manufacturing town has been built up in a few years through the energy and enterprise of one man, from whom it derives its name; Mount Uniacke,

where the tourist, if disposed, may visit the Uniacke Gold mines, only three miles from the station; and Bedford, at the head of the Basin of that name, a favorite spot of the Haligonians, in both Summer and Winter excursions.

THE EASTERN ATLANTIC SHORE.

Stage coaches leave Halifax, across the ferry, *via* Dartmouth, three times a week, on the Eastern shore route, returning on the alternate days. The scenery on this route is no whit less attractive naturally than it is on the Western shore; but there are no towns, nor even any considerable villages there; the general aspect of the country is wilder; and, although one may travel easily and fare comfortably, though plainly, on the road, this route is scarcely likely to prove so attractive to the mere tourist unless a sportsman.

The first place which we will mention, although more for the peculiarities of its inhabitants than sought else, is the French settlement of Chezzetcook. This place, which indeed is not directly on the coach road, although not more than two miles from it, approaches more nearly to the character of a village—a large, straggling one—than any other that we can see on this route. Here the inhabitants have retained not only the language, religion, manners and customs, but also the *costumes*, of their French ancestors. Here, within twenty miles of Halifax—and no where else in this Province, probably no where else in this Dominion—may be seen the women all with their hair dressed and covered with the kerchief, and wearing the kirtle, all after the Norman and Breton fashions of centuries ago.

Crossing the Musquodoboit, a fine river which rises far inland and waters the largest and richest agricultural settlement in Halifax County; the Jodore, a tidal arm of the sea, girt by lofty and gloomy cliffs, we reach Ship Harbor, which, even on this coast,

cannot but be admired as a magnificent one, and it is surrounded by picturesque landscapes. At a distance of only a few miles above the ferry, the Ship Harbor Great Lake—the second in the Province in size—empties, by means of Charles River, into the head of this harbor. Our next stage will be Tangier, celebrated for its Gold Mines, and for having been the first place in Nova Scotia where gold was discovered. Along all this part of the coast, which the post road hugs pretty closely, the waters for many miles are profusely studded with islands of the greatest diversity of size and shape, some clothed with dense, dark woods, others presenting only the naked rock, whilst only a very few of the larger ones are under partail cultivation. These islands make the principal charm of the ever varying view. Thus we may proceed and thus the eye will be continually greeted, past Pope's, Spry, Sheet, Beaver, Newdiquoddy, Nicumteau, to Ekumsekum Harbors, the land highway unfortunately becoming worse and worse, until—at the latter place, which is on the extreme eastern boundary of Halifax County—it ceases to be a road at all. The passage from there to St. Mary's, in Guysborough County, can only be made by water or on foot. We will therefore suppose our return to Halifax.

THE NORTHERN ROUTE.

Leaving Halifax, this time, by the Intercolonial Railway, and passing Bedford again, we soon reach Windsor Junction, where the tourist has an opportunity of easily reaching Waverly Gold Mines, which are only one and a half mile distant. Remaining in the train and skirting along a few of the myriad of lakes which are scattered all over this Atlantic coast section of Nova Scotia—those we now see contributing to the head waters of the Shubenacadie—we at length cross that river at Enfield and are in Hants County again. From Enfield a road leads Eastwardly to the Oldham Gold Mines, four miles distant, in

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Hallfax County; another leads, in a Westward direc-
tion, to Renfrew Gold Mines, six miles away, and in
Hants County. Passing several other stations on the
Intercolonial, we reach Shubenacadie Station, and
there again crossing the river of that name, enter
Colchester County. From this station stage coaches
run daily to Maitland, a thriving town at the mouth
of the river. The character of the country, for some
time past, has entirely changed, and more resembles
what we left about Windsor. Rocks have quite dis-
appeared, and we see on every hand a good cultivable
soil. Crossing the Stewiacke, which, through its
whole course, drains an exceedingly fertile and
flourishing agricultural country, and leaving Brook-
field behind, which is the centre of a like district, we
reach Truro. This town is situated about two miles
above the head of navigation of Cobequid Bay, and is
surrounded by a more open country than can be seen
elsewhere in the Province. It is often said to be the
prettiest town in the Maritime Provinces. This is
matter of taste. It has certainly, of late years, made
more material progress than any other in Nova
Scotia, and is now probably the third town in the
Province in population. It is rather straggling than
compactly built, upon ground almost perfectly level
throughout, flanked by cultivated hills on the one
side, and by broad intervalle lands, gradually changing
to dyked marsh, on the other; is very regularly laid
out; and is well and, for the most part, tastefully
built. Notwithstanding its inland situation, and the
absence of any natural water power, it has lately be-
come one of the most considerable manufacturing
towns in Nova Scotia. It is the county town of Col-
chester and seat of the Provincial Normal and Model
Schools. It is the point of junction of the Pictou
Branch Railway with the Intercolonial. Stage
coaches leave here—and return—twice a day for
Maitland and intervening villages, and daily for
Tatamagouche. Truly magnificent views are to be

had from some of the hills East and North-East of Truro, spots which few tourists fail to visit.

On the Intercolonial again and crossing the fine agricultural township of Onslow, we reach Debert Station, from which stage coaches start daily for Folly, Great Village, Portauisque, Economy, Five Islands, and Parrsborough, following the North Shore of Cobequid Bay and the Basin of Minas. No scenery hunter should fail to visit at least the last two, which present to view coast scenery not surpassed, if it is equalled, in North America. But they can be reached by another route, as will be presently shown.—At Londonderry station stage coaches ply daily to the Acadia Iron Mines; and a short distance beyond, a branch railway, of about 4 miles, leads to those Mines, where the largest iron mining and smelting operations of the Dominion are being carried on. From this point, the view even from the car windows, winding up and across the summit of the Cobequid Hills, is often very fine. From Wentworth Station, stage coaches leave daily for Wallace, Tatamagouche, and Pugwash; from Thompson's, they leave daily for Pugwash, also for Westchester, in the opposite direction; from Athol Station stage coaches leave for Parrsborough, from which there is easy conveyance to Five Islands, mentioned above. Besides the natural attractions of the localities, they present a fine field of study to the student of mineralogy. In their vicinity, gems, such as are usually found in the Trap formations, may be found in abundance; whilst the facilities for sea bathing are of the very best. From Athol, too, a branch railway, taps the Spring Hill Coal Mines; and continued to the Port of Parrsborough, just named, about eighteen miles further. Maccan Station on the Intercolonial, is the point of departure for Minudie, the Joggins Coal Mines, and others of the sort; for we are now in the midst of the great Cumberland coal basin. Next, we are at Amherst, the County town of Cumberland,

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a bustling and prosperous town, the centre of a widely extensively agricultural and grazing district, upon the trade growing out of which it is mainly dependent, although manufacturing is also carried on to some extent. Between it and the head of the Chignecto arm of the Bay of Fundy, some miles distant, and stretching thence in every direction, are vast expanses of dyked marsh, which constitutes "the fat of the land." The country around is open and breezy. A few miles beyond Amherst, we reach the Missiguash, the boundary of New Brunswick, and once recognized, for some years, as the boundary between the domains of England and France—the flag of the former waving over the Fort Lawrence side of the stream, whilst that of France flaunted from Beau Sejour, on the opposite, or farther ridge of—until the summer of 1755, when a British force, under Col. Monckton, crossing the Missiguash at Port de Buot, "Buot's Bridge"—a name which, to the mystification of many as to its origin, has since been corrupted into "Point de Bute"—after a short and sharp bombardment by the French fort, compelled its unconditional surrender. From that time *Beau Sejour* became "Fort Cumberland."

EASTERN AND CAPE BRETON COUNTIES.

We will suppose ourselves again in Truro and embarked on board the Pictou Branch Railway. The first portion of the journey, after leaving Truro, passes up the beautiful valley of Salmon River or—as it is sometimes called of late—the "Teviot." In its central position, the line passing through what was but wilderness a few years since, affords little of interest to the sight seer. On nearing New Glasgow, however, we find ourselves in the midst of the great Pictou Coal Basin; and we are surrounded by life and animation on every side. This district can boast of the fact that one at least of the coal seams worked in it has a greater thickness than any other known

in the world. New Glasgow is an active and prosperous business town, largely engaged in manufactures, in which it is favored by being situated almost in the midst of so many collieries. A few miles further brings us to Pictou Landing, from which we reach Pictou, on the opposite or north side, by a steam ferry. Pictou is prettily built upon the rather steep slope of a hill, and makes its best appearance when seen from the harbor. Certainly, until very recently, this town was the second in the Province in population and wealth; and it is so yet unless it has been outstripped by Yarmouth. A large fleet of colliers always occupy its harbor during the season of open navigation; but outside of the profits thus incidentally brought into the place, Pictou carries on a thriving and diversified trade of its own. Steamers of the P. E. Island Steam Navigation Co. (see adv.) leave Pictou every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday morning for Charlottetown, P. E. I., returning same day; every Monday and Thursday morning for Hawkesbury, on the Strait of Canso; every Wednesday and Friday morning for Port Hood; and every alternate Saturday for the Magdalen Islands.

The tourist has therefore a choice of routes to the island of Cape Breton; but by returning to New Glasgow and taking the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway he will be able more conveniently to visit Antigonish and Guysborough Counties. The former, although comparatively a new county, is not surpassed in its agricultural capabilities by any other in the Province. It is exceedingly fertile and productive, and is being brought rapidly under cultivation. The town of Antigonish has been thought to bear a resemblance to Truro in many points, but it is much smaller. It is the residence of the (R. C.) Bishop of Arichat, and is also the seat of St. Francis Xavier College. Stage coaches run from here to Guysborough. There is also a public conveyance to Sherbrooke, St. Mary's. Referring to the latter first,

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it may be remarked that it affords an exceedingly agreeable excursion over nearly the whole distance travelled. The cultivated shores of Lochaber Lake are a continuous picture; the valley of the East Branch of St. Mary's, down to the Forks at Glenelg, presents some such park-like scenery as is not often seen in this country; whilst that of the main river, thence to Sherbrooke, is throughout highly picturesque. The St. Mary's is the largest river in the Eastern Section, if not indeed in any part of Nova Scotia. Sherbrooke is a very pretty village, situated at the head of navigation of this river, and is mainly supported by lumbering, ship-building and mining, for the village lies between, and in near propinquity to, two celebrated Gold Mining districts,—Sherbrooke Mines, west of the river, and Wine Harbor, a few miles distant on the East. Stormont Gold District again adjoins the latter to the Eastward. Guysborough, the approach to which from Antigenish is of the placidly agreeable kind, showing a fine agricultural and prosperous country for nearly the whole distance, is itself an extremely quiet little town, but very agreeably situated upon and overlooking Milford Haven, which is a beautiful sheet of water.

Different routes to the island of Cape Breton have already been named. It may also be reached by the Boston, Halifax and P. E. Island Steamship Line, (see adv.) which call at Hawkesbury every trip; and by the Halifax and St. Pierre steamer, which touches at Arichat; and by the steamers of the "Fishwick Express Line," plying between Halifax and Charlottetown. The Strait of Canso—called in the old days of French domination the "Passage de Fronsac—is the great marine highway between the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, on the one hand, and all those waters South and West of Cape Breton, on the other. Consequently it is the channel of a large traffic. Hundreds of sail may be seen passing through it at a time, or at anchor in its bordering harbor waiting for

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a fair wind to do so. It is a magnificent piece of water, well set off by the villages of Port Mulgrave and Pirate Cove, on the peninsula side, and those of Port Hastings and Hawkesbury on that of the island; whilst Cape Porcupine, towering up on the West side of the Strait, gives a certain grandeur to the scene. This bold headland rises sheer up from the water to a height of about six hundred feet, and is as nearly perpendicular as it can be to sustain vegetation at all. It bristles, however, from water's edge to summit, with a dense growth of forest trees; and its appearance has not inaptly suggested the name by which it is popularly known.

Whoever has not seen Cape Breton has failed to see the grandest and most picturesque scenery which the Province of Nova Scotia can produce. To the genuine lover of Nature, or the artist, it is a truly delightful land. To attempt a description of all the localities worthy of a visit by either would be quite impossible within the limited scope of this work, for their name is legion. At least we can but name some of the most noteworthy and indicate the modes of reaching them.

And first, the Bras d'Or,—this truly magnificent sheet of water—this small inland sea, with its shores, would alone justify what we have just said. The two channels which lead to it from the ocean, the great Lake itself, and every one of its numerous inlets, have each and every one its own peculiar charms. Stage coaches run daily from Hawkesbury to Port Hood, to Sydney *via* St. Peter's, also, when required, to the head of West Bay; and from the latter point the Cape Breton, Bras d'Or Steam Navigation Co's. (see adv.) steamers take their departure every day for Sydney *via* the Great Bras d'Or channel. The same steamers make the trip from Sydney to Whyecocomagh every morning. Good opportunities are thus afforded of seeing a large portion of these waters and their shores; but the tourist could do

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this more thoroughly and satisfactorily by engaging a boat for himself, and making the voyage of the Bras d'Or and every one of its numerous inlets.

Among the places well worth visiting must be mentioned Mabou, which may be reached by stage coach from Port Hood. From here the tourist may proceed by like conveyance to Margaree; and to see the lovely vallies of this river and of its branches—the North-East and South-West Margaree—is itself well worth a special visit to this island. There is at present no public conveyance proceeding Northwardly beyond the main Margaree. Consequently the traveller, if disposed to extend his journey in this direction, either towards Cheticamp, on the Gulf,—where there is another old Acadian French settlement, and where, by the bye, there is one of the largest and finest stone (R. C.) churches in the whole Province—or across country to the Wagamatkook valley, in Victoria County, he must procure a private conveyance. This he can accomplish without difficulty at Margaree. He may in like manner proceed by Lake Ainslie and Ainslie Glen to Whycocomagh—a delightful drive; or he can reach the latter point by stage coach either from Mabou, *via* Skye Glen, or from Hawkesbury and Port Hastings. The village of Whycocomagh itself is a lovely spot, nestling beneath precipitous, wooded mountains, and overlooking a broad and deep expanse of placid water, dotted with green islands. We can proceed from here to Baddeck by steamer, as already mentioned; or we can go by stage coach, seeing by the way portions of the broad, fertile vallies of the Wagamatkook, or Middle River, and Big Baddeck River. Baddeck, the county town of Victoria, is finely situated on an islanded inlet of the Bras d'Or, and, with its surroundings, shares largely in the natural attractions of this part of the island. When, winding farther Eastward, we reach the deep bay and magnificent land-locked harbor of St. Anne's, backed by hills so lofty and



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" HALIFAX,	" 23rd,	at 6 "
" BOSTON,	" 30th,	at 8 "
" HALIFAX,	" SEPT. 7th,	at 6 "
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precipitous as to merit their ordinary designation of "mountains," the scenery assumes somewhat more of the *grand* in character. This it maintains in an increasing degree from here all the way to Cape North. But, owing to the ruggedness of the ways and the paucity of the means of accommodation, who ever would extend his journey in that direction, far beyond St. Anne's, must expect to find it something of an adventure.

By crossing the mountain from St. Anne's, or by steamer from Baddeck, we may reach New Campbellton, on the North side of the outlet of the Great Bras d'Or, and surrounding a pretty cove. The scenery of the comparatively low ground on which the place is situated is beautifully contrasted with perpendicular cliffs of crimson syenite, by which it is immediately overlooked, and which here stretches,—a mountain wall several hundred feet in height—from the Great Bras d'Or to Cape Dauphin. Here there is a colliery, and this is the Northern extreme of the Cape Breton field, the most extensive in Nova Scotia. It extends from here over forty miles, in a direct line Southward, but following the general direction of the coast, and out beneath the sea to an unknown distance. The whole of this coal territory is under lease, or occupation, and a number of collieries are now in full operation. Whoever may purpose visiting these coal regions will naturally make Sydney the centre of his movements. In addition to the various routes by which this town may be reached and which have been already named, it should be said that the fortnightly steamers plying between Halifax and St. John's Newfoundland, always touch at North Sydney; and that the Halifax and St. Pierre steamer—also fortnightly—touches both at Sydney and North Sydney. From Sydney ample provision exists for the conveyance of passengers to any of the coal mines. Railroads already connect the Sydney Mines on the North, and the International Mines on the

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South, with Sydney harbor ; and a railroad is constructed from Sydney, through the whole mining region South of that town, to the harbor of Louisburg, thus securing, in the latter place, a Winter port for the shipment of coal. Another and a painful interest attaches to Louisburg as the former stronghold of the French in this Province. What were the old town and stronghold are now but a mass of ruins, and a picture of desolation. Most tourists who feel an interest in the history of this country, would like to pay a visit to the place which, undoubtedly as its appearance is yet full of interest. The most satisfactory way to do so, will be to take a special conveyance from Sydney.

Except as to Louisburg, the extreme South-Eastern portions of Cape Breton and Richmond Counties afford but little to tempt the tourist off the main highway from Sydney to the Strait of Canso. Upon this stage coaches ply daily, as we have seen. For nearly the whole distance from Sydney to St. Peter's, at the head of the Lake, the road follows closely the shore of the Bras d'Or. A few miles on the Sydney side of St. Peter's, it passes near to Chapel Island, a place of worship of the Micmac Indians. Here all the Indians of Cape Breton and the neighbouring mainland are in the habit of resorting annually to hold high festival on St. Anne's Day (26th July) and for a week preceeding. Much of festivity mingles with their religious rites in commemorating their Tutelary Saint ; and a large number of Whites from the surrounding country are in the habit of "assisting" on these occasions.

St. Peter's, where the canal known by the same name connects the Bras d'Or with St. Peter's Bay, is a prettily and most advantageously situated village which is growing rapidly, and has, no doubt, a bright future. A few miles further Westward, is the junction of the mail route to Arichat, on Isle Madame, the county town of Richmond. In the population of

this place, as indeed the whole of Isle Madame and much of the neighbouring main, those of French origin largely predominate. Arichat is a prosperous town, its prosperity depending almost solely upon the fisheries and the carrying trade. Consequently there is a pronounced marine air about the place. Lennox Passage, between the Isles Madame and Jauvrin, and the mainland of Cape Breton, is a beautiful sheet of water; and a boat excursion upon it, a most enjoyable one. It leads, at its western termination, to the Basin of River Inhabitants, near the shores of which are the Richmond and Caribacou Cove collieries. We are now at the Strait of Canso again, and shall suppose our tour completed.

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ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN, the "Liverpool of America," and the first city in New Brunswick in population, wealth and commercial importance, is commandingly situated at the mouth of the River St. John. The eastern side, or city proper is built on the sides of a rocky peninsular, with the river and harbor on one side, and Courtenay Bay on the other side. In this part of St. John are the public buildings, and most of the business houses. The settlement on the west side is called Carleton. To the left is Portland pleasantly located.

The situation of St. John is favorable. Its harbor is at the mouth of a river which, with its tributaries, has an almost uninterrupted navigable length of over eight hundred miles for steamers; and a further navigable length for boats or canoes of about a thousand miles more; and its entire freedom from obstruction by ice gives it great advantage over all the northern ports of this continent. At the entrance to the city is Patridge Island, circular in shape rising about seventy or eighty feet above low water, and contains about one hundred acres of land. On the Island is a fog horn or steamer whistle, which is sounded at regular intervals during the prevalence of fogs or snow storms, and can be heard at a distance of from four to eight miles. On the Island is a battery and a signal station; also an hospital for the treatment of contagious diseases. Below Patridge Island and the city is a beacon light which is of great use to vessels entering the harbor in strong weather. The principal streets of St. John are King, Prince William, Water, Dock and Charlotte. King street, the Washington street of St. John, extends from the river on

western side of the city to Courtenay Bay on the eastern side. Looking up King street, the entrance to King square, a beautiful plot of land containing about three acres, and covered with large shade trees. In the centre of the square is a fountain. Some fine buildings are to be seen on each side of the square. On the eastern side is the Court House, in which is the Common Council chamber. On the same side of the square as the Court House, is the "Old Burying Ground," one of the tombstones of which bears the following quaint epitaph:

Now I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten ;
Those lines you may see remember me
When I am quite forgotten.

Queen Square is another public park, surrounded by handsome residences. On Germain street. The new Post Office is one of the finest structures in the city. It is located at the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, extending back to Water street, at the end of Prince William street is Reed's Point, where the wharves of the International S. S. Company are located ; the Union Line running to Digby and Annapolis ; the Express Line, to St. George, St. Andrews and St Stephen, N. B., and the Anchor Line of ocean steamers.

Among the handsome and important public buildings in St. John may be mentioned the General Public Hospital, capable of accommodatidg eighty patients. To the right is situated the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Waterloo street, opposite Richmond and near the corner of Cliff street. It is built of stone, is two hundred feet in length by one hundred and ten in width, and cost \$100,000. To the left is the Nunnery and on the right the Bishop's Palace, a handsome stone structure ; adjoining it is the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum. The skating rink is on City road, almost in rear of the Hospital. It is a wooden build-

ing circular in shape and one hundred and sixty feet in diameter. It cost \$13,600.

The connection between Portland and St. John is so close that it is difficult to tell where the one begins or the other ends. The streets are somewhat irregular; Main street being the finest and busiest. Turning to the left down Bridge Road, after a ride of about a mile, during which we were favoured with some delightful bits of scenery, we reached the

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

which spans the Rocky gorge, six hundred and forty feet in width which the waters of the St. John River find their way into the ocean. The bridge is a "wire suspension," hung on ten cables, five on each side, each cable being composed of three hundred strands of wire one-eighth of an inch thick each, or three thousand strands in all, having an absolute tensile strength of 1125 tons. The combined length of the strands is about five hundred and seventy miles. The cables are supported by four towers of solid masonry, fifty-three feet high, fifteen feet square at the base, tapering off to seven feet at the top. The bridge was built in 1852, at a cost 80,000. Height above low water, one hundred feet; above high water seventy two feet.

THE FALLS.

at the mouth of the St. John, are not "falls" in the ordinary acception of the term; they result from the narrow and shallow outlet through which the tide, which rises with great rapidity, and to an altitude of twenty eight feet, has to pass. The outlet is sufficiently broad or deep to admit the tidal waters with their rise, hence a fall inwards is produced during the *flow*; at the *ebb*, the tides recedes faster than the outlet of the river can admit of the escape of the waters accumulated within the inner basin; hence a fall outward. The falls are passible four times in

twenty-four hours, about fifteen minutes at each time, viz.: at about three and one half hours on the flood tide, and at about two and one-half on the ebb, when steamers, sailing vessels and rafts pass up or down beneath the bridge. About a mile above the bridge, on the eastern side of the river, is

INDIANTOWN,

a thriving suburb of the city of Portland. The Lunatic Asylum occupies a height of land at the western end of the bridge, and presents an imposing appearance from whichever side it is approached. It was erected in 1848 by the Provincial Government. The main building is three hundred feet long, with three wings, one at each end, one hundred and fifty feet long, and one from the centre, one hundred and thirty feet in length. One half of the building is devoted to male and the other to female patients. The average number of patients is two hundred.

There are numerous drives in the vicinity of St. John, which we have not space to describe. Among them is that to Spruce Lake, seven or eight miles on the Manawagonish road. Down the Bay Shore to Mischeek, starting by crossing March Bridge, we soon arrive at the Poor House, a large four-storey building. Continuing the drive a distance of about eight miles, sometimes through a rich farming country, and again amid the wildest and most rugged scenery imaginable—now along the sea beach, with the waves rolling almost up to our horse's feet, and then perched hundreds of feet above the waters, we arrive at Mischeek, a lovely spot, rich in scenes worthy the attention of all tourists, and enough to drive an artist mad.

Another favorite drive is to Loch Lomond, where there is excellent fishing. There are three lakes in the Loch Lomond chain. St. John abounds in churches, as, with a population of less than 40,000, it has 33 houses of worship.

ST. JOHN RIVER.

With opera-glass we take a farewell view of the city, sweeping our vision round the falls, and upward towards the high bluffs, through which the river flows. Two or three miles up we encounter the Boar's Head or Green Head, with its nose running out into the water. A little farther, and to the right, the passage to the Kennebecasis opens, (here is where the boat races are made) and to the left South Bay is seen. Nerepis Point will be of interest, as the place where one of the first forts was built. Anon comes a stretch of twenty miles, this is Long Reach—not without many picturesque scenes on the shelving hills. At Oak Point, a little village with a church, we stop the engine to take on a passenger; and the mode of receiving and debarking passengers on the river is a novel one. Small boats put out in response to our whistle, and are "boat-hooked" alongside as soon as they come within reach; passengers enter or leave, small freight is taken or discharged, the dory is "boat-hooked" off, and the steamer proceeds.

We are now twenty-four miles from St. John, and near the head of the Reach, when the meadows begin to stretch away to the far distant hills. At

GAGETOWN

is an old Court House, where English law is still administered, but the fortress that once frowned defiance on the French is gone. Opposite is the Jemseg river, which leads into Grand Lake, said to be a delightful spot. A little further up is Upper Gagetown, the oldest English settlement in the Province, and Manguerville, on the opposite shore, noted as a settlement of Bostonians, made in 1776. At Sheffield is a fine flourishing academy, and here the Oromocto river debouches into the St. John. Here and above there are no lofty, rugged sublimities, but meadows, dotted with bending elms and all the marks of civili-

zation which art has added to the beauties of nature with which the river at every turn abounds.

Ten miles above Oromocto, pleasantly situated on a level plain on the western bank of the St. John, and eighty-four miles from its mouth, is

FREDERICTON,

the capital of New Brunswick. It is so hidden by the magnificent shade trees which line its broad streets, that, were it not for the numerous church spires towering above the mass of foliage, we should hardly know there is a city here. The city is regularly laid out, the streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles—those running parallel with the river are over a mile in length. The principal street and promenade is Queen Street, and on it are situated most of the public departments, banks, hotels, etc.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL,

a fine stone edifice, and an exact model of a church of the same name in Montreal, stands in the centre of a triangular piece of land at the eastern end of Queen Street, corner of Church Street. They are costlier churches in abundance, but few more pleasantly located or fairer in proportions.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

a fine stone building, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, yet possessing ample accommodation as the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

The Skating Rink and Railway Depot are situated on York Street, and the Exhibition Building, a sort of crystal palace, covering nearly an acre of ground, is near by. Just below Fredericton, and on the opposite side of the St. John, is the mouth of the Nashwaak River. Two miles up the Nashwaak is the largest lumbering establishment in the Province, and possibly

in America, owned by Alexander Gibson, Esq., and well worthy a visit. Mr. Gibson has erected here a church at an expense of \$60,000, for the use of his employees.

ST. JOHN AND MAINE RAILWAY.

The station of the St. John and Maine Railway is at Carleton, reached by ferry from St. John, boats leaving the foot of Princess Street. The road is 205 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, very much of it through a wild country, affording sport for the hunter and angler at numerous points along its line, and not far from the sound of its whistles. For some distance the beautiful St. John river is in full view. At Westfield a long wharf bridge lies across, connecting with the promontory past which the river flows majestically. At Welsford rises Douglas Mountain, dividing the valley of the Nerepis from that of Douglas. At Gaspereaux, thirty-three miles from St. John, is a lake abounding in alewives and trout. Crossing Oromocto bridge we soon reach Fredericton Junction, and connect with trains on the Fredericton Branch Railway. An hour after leaving the Junction we arrived at Harvey, where civilization with its comforts and restraints is left by those who can spare the time, for freedom and nature on the banks of the North Branch Oromocto Lake. Bear, Cranberry, Magaguadavic and North Lakes, and the head-waters of the Magaguadavic river will also afford fine sport to the angler. The scene at the station at Magaguadavic, or *Macadavy*, (as *all* call it here) is not inviting, and so rocky is it that some one has said that Noah threw out his ballast here; and another that the stones are those which the giants hurled at the Gods in the great battle sung by Ovid. At McAdam Junction our rails are met by those from St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's on the one hand, and by those from Woodstock and Houlton on the New Brunswick and Canada Railway, on the other.

Continuing our journey we soon reach St. Croix Station, and cross the river which forms a part of the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. At Vanceboro' the Bangor and St. John trains pass each other, dinner is served, and the Custom House officials examine baggage and appropriate articles which they fancy are dutiable.

The balance of the journey to Bangor is void of interest until we near the Penobscot; the main portion being described by Bayard Taylor as composed of scraggy forests and swamps, sometimes separate, sometimes combined, blackened hideously by fires, or rank with moist vegetation and cloudy with mosquitoes. "Yes, there is one exception! As you turn from the Penobscot toward the mellifluous Mattawomkeag, and look northwestward over 50 miles of wilderness, you behold the grand isolated mass of Katahdin, touching the scattered clouds. Not the culminating peak of a group of lesser heights, not the imposing headland of a ridge or chain, but lonely as Soracte soars over the Roman Campagna, and twice as high above its rugged, unlovely levels of swampy forest, it is a mountain to be thankful for, to rejoice in: I murmured to myself the opening stanza of Lowell's poem—"To a Pine-Tree."

"Far up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance, and vast:
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerst,
That hangs poised on a lull of the blast,
To its fall leaning awful?"

—and I found that the mountain deserved the poem.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

In furnishing a brief description of Prince Edward Island, we shall not undertake to go far into details. In one respect this seems to be less requisite than in the case of the other Maritime Provinces ; for, in the island, the face of the country shows much less diversity in its natural features than that of those other Provinces. Doubtless Prince Edward Island is a beautiful country throughout almost its whole extent; but throughout that extent there is a great sameness in the characteristics of the scenery which meets the visitor's eye. As to those general characteristics,—it is an everywhere undulating country, its eminence very seldom breaking into cliffs, and never rising to the elevation of mountains ; its lower lands never spreading out into broad expanses of interval, marsh or plain, such as are seen in the mainland Provinces ; its shores deeply indented upon every side with almost countless inlets from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which ramify often in a bewildering manner among the hills ; the lands clothed with a dense growth of timber ; the soil almost everywhere exceedingly fertile, with scarcely a rock or stone to be found in the whole island ; such, in general terms, was Prince Edward Island in its natural condition. But, of course, the hand of the husbandman has largely modified this general description. The population of the island must now (1883) be somewhat in excess of one hundred thousand ; and this population, which is very generally disseminated over the face of the country, is almost wholly engaged in agricultural pursuits. Consequently a large proportion of the area of the country is in a high state of cultivation. It may here be mentioned that ship-building is pretty largely

carried on,—not only at Charlottetown and Summerside, the principal towns, but at many of the smaller outports. The fisheries are not prosecuted very extensively, although the Province presents great natural facilities for doing so. Cascumpeque and Tignish are the most considerable fishing stations on the island.

From having been one of the worst provided with public facilities for inland travelling of any of the Canadian Provinces, Prince Edward Island has suddenly become about the best. A few years since, the traveller making his way through the interior of the island, would find it anything but a joke unless provided with a private vehicle. All is now changed. The Islanders having, in 1872, commenced railway construction, have done their work so thoroughly that but little more can be done in that way unless the locomotive is to be brought to every man's door. A railway runs from Tignish, at almost the extreme Northern point of the island, to Georgtown,—making, with the Charlottetown Branch, a hundred and fifty one miles,—with a Branch of forty miles from Mount Stewart to Souris, which is almost the extreme Eastern point. Thus there are in all two hundred and nine miles of railroad in the island which, with respect either to area or population, is a larger proportion, than that of any other Province, or State, in America.

Charlottetown, the Provincial Capital, is beautifully situate upon a gentle sloping tongue of land formed by the junction of the East River with the North and West Rivers.—It is regularly laid out, with broad and airy streets and several reservations for public squares and is plainly, but for the most part substantially, built. The Colonial Building, containing the halls of the Local Legislature and certain Provincial offices, is a capacious and handsome edifice of Nova Scotia freestone, three storeys in height, and occupying the centre of Queen Square. In appearance it rather

eclipses the other public buildings of the place, of which Charlottetown, as the seat of Provincial Government, has the usual quota. Besides these there are in the environs of the town, no less than three colleges—the Prince of Wales (Provincial institution), St. Dunstan's (Roman Catholic), and the Methodist College; also the Provincial Normal School, a capacious Convent, Lunatic Asylum, and various other edifices of semi-public character. Government House, the residence of the Lieut. Governor, is an unpretending, but commodious, structure, beautifully situated in the midst of very attractive grounds, in the immediate vicinity. Charlottetown may boast of one of the tidiest, best kept, and best supplied markets in the Dominion.

The environs of Charlottetown afford some charming drives, presenting fine views of wood and water, and tastefully laid out and well kept private grounds. At the same time the East (Hillsborough), the North (York), and the West (Elliot) rivers, present great temptations and facilities for boating and yachting. The trip on the Hillsborough to Mount Stewart, near its head, is a favorite excursion of Charlottetown pleasure-seekers during the Summer months, and can scarcely fail to prove agreeable to the stranger tourist.

As mentioned in a former part of this work, under the head of Nova Scotia, the Prince Edward Island Navigation Company's steamers run four times a week to Pictou and *vice versa*, and in like manner twice a week to Hawkesbury on the Strait of Canso. They also ply regularly between Charlottetown, Summerside, and Shediac. By another line of steamers locally known as "the Phalen line," there is regular communication with Hawkesbury, Halifax, and Boston; and by Fishwick's Express line," with Halifax and the Eastern ports of Nova Scotia. These arrangements, it must be remembered, are in operation only during the season of open navigation in the Gulf. That means for from seven to eight

months out of twelve. During the remainder of the year, communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland can only be effected by means of the "ice boats" which ply between Cape Tormentine and Cape Traverse, the narrowest part of the Strait of Northumberland. It is always an uncomfortable and often an extremely perilous mode of transit.

Summerside is in every respect, the second town in Prince Edward Island, and indeed its growth has been so rapid of late years that it bids fair to become soon a formidable rival to the Provincial Capital itself. Its local position has of course, had much to do with its prosperity. It is directly opposite Shediac, with which it has daily communication by steamers. That place having been for years the terminus of the "European and North American Railway" before the "Intercalonal," or even the "Pictou Branch, was completed, this fact gave a great advantage to Summerside. This place, like Charlottetown, has a fine harbor; it is beautifully situated and has unquestionably a great future before it.

Alberton, in the more Northern Section of the island, is another rising town. Its harbor is one of the arms of Cascumpeque Bay, and is one of the very few ports of shelter on the Northern—or rather North-Eastern—side of the island; for, strange to say, there is, in this respect, a remarkable contrast between the North-Eastern and South-Western side of this island. As to this same Cascumpeque Bay,—tastes differ as to what is attractive in scenery; but we suspect that most persons will concur with us in saying that about Cascumpeque nature has put on her best garb so far as Prince Edward Island is concerned.

Georgetown, at the opposite extreme of the island and the County town of King's county, was for some years in a pining condition; but latterly it has been forging ahead and seems likely to hold its own against any other part of the island. It is justifiably the

boast of Georgetown that its harbor remains open several weeks later in the Autumn, and is re-opened several weeks earlier in the Spring, than any other port in the island,—unless perhaps Murray Harbor. Consequently it is anticipated that Georgetown may be eventually the permanent gate of the island.

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